

Animals

NOVEMBER

1955

A BOY AND HIS DOG
(Eric Pierce, Brunswick, Maine)

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Jim Pierce

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Animals

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 AND

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"Be ashamed to die..."

THE above title is, of course, the first four words from Horace Mann's famous remarks delivered as part of a commencement address at Antioch College in 1859. The complete sentence is "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

We like to think that Henry Bergh, George T. Angell, Caroline Earle White, William O. Stillman, Nathaniel J. Walker, Matthew McCurrie, Mrs. Huntington Smith, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Miss Mary Mitchell, and many other illustrious leaders of humane work in the United States, felt as did the great educator and statesman from Franklin, Massachusetts.

It was Calvin Coolidge, when Governor of Massachusetts, who, in issuing a Kindness Week proclamation, said, "Whatever the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has done for animals, it has done vastly more for humanity."

A better humanity is indeed the goal of the humane movement in the United States and many contemporary leaders would also "be ashamed to die" unless they could be certain of victory in so many fields of humane endeavor.

But today the task is doubly difficult due to the differences which are slowly wrecking the humane movement. The foes of humane societies must be rubbing their hands in glee. Divide and conquer appear to be succeeding where everything else has failed.

The advocates of surrender legislation must be happy.

The ones opposed to slaughterhouse reform — confident.

The promoters of bullfights in the United States (and there are many) appear self-satisfied.

The cock-and-dog-fighters are planning bolder moves. And educators and others wonder what it is all about.

Horace Mann's words have been translated into many languages and teachers have taught rising generations "to obey their own laws" or "be held in bondage to the law of tyrants." It is a hard lesson, not always understood, but like the great powers recently at Geneva, the different views now held by various factions in the humane movement *must* be resolved.

By the time this appears, one side or the other will have control of the A. H. A. Perhaps a conference at national headquarters in Denver, with all parties represented, could produce peace. There should, of course, be no compromise on basic principles, such as surrender legislation, etc., but by the same token the angry words and accusations most often uttered in anger and in the heat of campaigning and seldom containing too much semblance to facts, should be exchanged once and for all — there would have to be "give and take," and recriminations and ill-feelings left in the conference room to die an "humane" death.

Let us put a stop to the waste of thousands of dollars intended for animal protection now being wasted on legal fees and pamphlets. Let us be adult enough to resolve our differences into a united and strong humane movement. Let those who are on the verge of success in many fields of humane endeavor win "some victory for humanity."

E. H. H.



Hospital aide inspects donkey's injured foot.

Good Neighbor Policy

WE are most anxious that our friends become aware of the wonderful work for animals being done in Fez, Morocco, by the American Fondouk. In passing, may we explain that the word "fondouk" means stable, but this particular Fondouk is a hospital, clinic and shelter in Fez, maintained solely by gifts from American friends and operated under the expert and diligent superintendency of M. Guy Delon.

Our Society is vitally interested in this project—our former President, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, was first President and then President Emeritus and now the President's post has been awarded to Dr. Eric H. Hansen, whom you all know.

In response to an urgent request from Superintendent Delon, we have sent a large supply of veterinary equipment to the Fondouk and we are here appealing for donations to help with this most necessary work.

Visitors to North Africa have returned with stories of the sorry plight of animals in this region. The American Fondouk is their only oasis of help and mercy. We urge our readers to send contributions for this much needed work. Please send them to W. A. Swallow, Treasurer, American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. We will be glad to see that such gifts are forwarded promptly.

Every penny of your donation will go for the actual care of animals. There are no salaries, no expenses, outside of the actual employees in Fez.

The Town Dog

By Margaret Browning Barber

WE all know town clerks and town pumps, but have any of you ever heard of a town dog? I never had till I heard of this one. He was just as important a factor of this town as any of its other town magnates. I say *other*, because in his silent canine way, he issued commands that no boy in Filbyville could resist fulfilling. When Fritz looked up into their faces with his appealing eyes and wagged his tail they knew he was saying to them, "Boys, take me walking with you." And they obeyed as surely as if the justice of the peace had told them to and much more gladly, because the law of love was ruling them instead of the fear of law.

The way we all became acquainted with Fritz was through an old German. He was a queer old fellow who had come over from Hamburg many years ago and had tramped his way from New York to one of the western states accompanied by Fritz. He had wandered about from place to place and had finally settled in Filbyville where he had opened an "umbrellas to men" establishment and spent his remaining days. After a while he got too old and blind to do anything and before long he passed away.

Fritz had a great many friends in the town for he was extremely sociable of disposition and good-natured, two qualities which always gain friendship in dogs and men. So, when his master left him to one of the men in the town, that person was very happy. But in a short time Fritz' second master moved away. Of course, the boys were sorry because they hated to part with the dog, who was such a fine playfellow.

It was not for long, however, for before many weeks were over, Fritz decided that he could not give up his old friends and back he trotted to Filbyville with never a trace of his master at his heels, and from that time forth he became the Town Dog.

Of course, he didn't belong to one boy any more than he did to another, so they just shared him together. When Fritz wanted to go walking, they all took him. When he looked at them in a way that signified that he wanted meat they took up a collection and escorted him to the butcher's shop where the butcher

cut off some of his juiciest pieces for Fritz. Sometimes he would stray to the friendly shop alone and ask for a bite and the butcher would give it to him just as he would at other times when the beseeching eyes were accompanied by the boys' coppers.

At night when it was cold, Fritz would go home with a boy friend and find a hospitable mat awaiting him. Or he would run over to the hotel where one of his staunchest friends lived, for though the great white placard in the office window advertised the price per day, Fritz was always sure of lodging and food free of charge and a hearty, "How are you, Old Fellow," from the ruddy-faced proprietor.

But Fritz was growing old and began to have serious attacks of rheumatism which were very painful. Finally he became so lame that he could scarcely walk. Finally the boys put him on a stretcher and carried him to the doctor for treatment, which was, of course, freely given. But after a while he got even beyond the doctor's help and when he died his friends all raised money to have him buried in the town burying-ground. They placed him in a real coffin and carried him, themselves, to the lot they had picked out for him. Over his grave they placed a headstone in his memory so that his name would always be remembered by the boys of Filbyville. If you ever go to that town and walk through its little cemetery you will probably see that token of love to the "Town Dog" who was so happy while he lived there in the friendship of his boy friends.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

"Mimi," World Traveler

By Nelly S. Alix

MIMI has a somewhat notorious origin. Her parents were born in a little Austrian town called Braunau, which was also Hitler's birthplace. My husband was, at the time, serving with the occupation forces, and the kittens were given to us by a farmer. Being rather lonesome in a foreign country, I welcomed their arrival into our little apartment and soon they were romping around actively.

The following year, the happy couple greeted the coming of three baby kittens. At that time, however, Uncle Sam decided to recall my husband to the States.

Leaving our cat family was a heart-break. An Austrian couple offered to adopt them, but I could not resist the impulse to take one home with us. Mimi was then two months old, an adorable little ball of fur with candid eyes—and it was she who was chosen to accompany us.

We soon found out that the project presented a great number of difficulties. After many unsuccessful attempts, we finally discovered that an airline office located in Paris would gladly take charge of our pet's trip to the United States. We welcomed the opportunity to make a last fling in the French capital before sailing home.

Traveling across Europe in the Orient Express with a kitten is no easy job, especially when the kitten is full of explorative spirit and bouncing energy. After losing her several times, we began to carry her wherever we went and marry a passenger in the diner of the international train stared with baffled eyes at



And here is Mimi, in person — that Austrian "glamour-puss."

the innocent little head popping out of the collar of my husband's "Ike" jacket.

In Paris, finding a hotel where kittens were accepted was another problem. When we did find one, Mimi showed a complete disregard for the beautiful carpeting of the room and started on the spot an ascension of the luxurious draperies.

The last view we had of our cat in European territory was the one of her starting to flirt with the airline employees who had immediately been seduced by her advances and the velvety paw she was stretching through the bars of her cage.

Several weeks later, we reached our destination and found our Mimi waiting for us. She had gained a few inches, but was more than ever our same mischievous, lovable little kitten. With her temporary hosts she had, in the meantime acquired a certain fame for her ability to consume great quantities of black pepper, which was put on the furniture for the purpose of keeping her off it. While the family had developed a chronic sneeze, she chewed on it with delight.

We moved four times during the following years, and every time Mimi enjoyed the change as much as we did. She started her family and the first batch was pitch black. Since then she has

showed a preference for a variety of colors, ranging from pale orange to the darkest shades. When she and her daughter became mothers at the same time, Grandma decided that she had more experience in raising children and she moved all the kittens into one box, allowing the younger mother to spend some time with the young ones, but insisted in doing the feeding and the grooming. She even objected to our letting the baby cry more than a few minutes. She would then come to the crib and howl pitifully until he had stopped.

Mimi is now four years old and more than ever a member of the family. We have moved into a country house, in the heart of a wooded region where she leads her inconspicuous, little cat life, but is yet an all-important member of the household.

During the summer months, she lives, mostly outdoors, hiding in the bushes to keep cool or watching her kittens in their foolish little games. When the cold season arrives, she moves in and "hibernates" on the living-room couch.

Mimi is happy in her new country. There has been no problem of acclimatization for her. She has traveled with us and she has shared all our struggles without complaint or apparent effort. Yes, Mimi is indeed a well-adjusted cat!



Under natural conditions, the mouse population is held in check by owls.

Upsetting Nature's Balance

By F. J. Worrall

THERE is a harmony in Nature, from which nothing can be taken or added, without influencing something else. Darwin was among the first to recognize that all animal life is intertwined into an harmonious whole, in which no single creature lives to itself alone, but is dependent upon others. If that arrangement is disturbed, serious consequences may ensue, and frequently it happens that man is the recipient of his own misguided interference.

The case of the rat and the mongoose in the West Indies is an example: At one time there were no native rats in Jamaica. They were, in fact, confined mostly to the Asias. They came in ships from other countries, and a few escaped to shore. There was nothing to keep their numbers in check and finally they overran the island. When they began to gnaw the sugar canes, the planters, in desperation, decided to import the Indian Mongoose, well-known for its effectiveness in destroying rats and snakes.

Several pairs were brought in. They set to work with a will and, for a time, all went well. With the passing seasons, rats diminished and the mongoose increased. Eventually, there were not enough rats to feed the mongooses.

Then the carnivores sought other prey. They robbed hen-roosts, killed lambs, goats, and even the domestic cats and dogs. Even birds and cultivated fruits were demolished. Insects that had been checked by birds increased so rapidly that they became plagues in the field. Within a period of twenty years, the life all over the island was completely unbalanced. Measures had to be taken to reduce the mongoose, but it proved to be a costly and slow process.

The same pattern ran true to form in Bermuda. These islands were entirely free from reptiles of any kind until a resident introduced toads to destroy insects in his garden. The toads increased in such numbers that they became a greater menace than the insects. Since that time, Bermuda has waged a war against toads.

The case of the rabbit in Australia, also, is well known. A farmer from the old country brought a few pairs and they multiplied to such an alarming extent that the whole country was overrun with them. The authorities were compelled to resort to legislation to rid themselves of a veritable pest.

Rats are now a plague in seaport towns throughout the world. Again, this is a result of man's interference with Nature. The spread of rats began with the use of ships and as world commerce grew, the population of rats grew with it.

The same story repeats itself wherever Man has interfered with the laws of Nature. And invariably, in the end, he has been the victim of his own interference.



"Okey, if you're such a good watch dog, what time is it?"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

WHEN Mr. Blue, by force and persistence, weaned Shorty, the pup, away from Sheila, his mother, he unwittingly cut himself a large slice of trouble. For Shorty, despite his endearing ways, was certainly no panty-waist. He was born tough and even before he had teeth, he was muscling in on Mr. Blue's meals and crowding him out of the warm spot on the bed.

Shorty was not only precocious, he was big, out of proportion to his age. At four weeks, he was as large as Pumpkin, the cat, and a veritable dynamo of energy. Except when he was sleeping off his own and a good portion of Mr. Blue's meals, he was never still. He enjoyed wrestling with his less energetic brothers and examining the many articles incident to the service porch, but it was to Mr. Blue that he turned for really rough and tumble diversion.

For minutes on end, they would roll and pitch about, growling and snapping with a great pretense of ferocity. Then, as quickly as it had begun, the game would end, with Shorty collapsing across Mr. Blue's paws.

In his fifth week, Shorty was introduced to the big outdoors, with Mr. Blue conducting him to the flower beds, the pump-house and the barnyard. He was afraid of nothing and wrongly assumed that all animals were his friends and playmates. It was not until he had been cat-slapped, pecked and hissed at, that he learned friendship is a state which must be earned.

By the time he was six weeks old, he was all dog and completely sold on his own importance. Anything Mr. Blue did, he could do. He dug for rats, waded in the irrigation ditch, brought in a gun wrapper when Mr. Blue fetched the evening paper. When Mr. Blue lay down, he lay down; when Mr. Blue took a walk, Shorty trailed along.

Ordinarily, we do not give the puppies away until they are two months old, but because the members of this litter were so well developed at six weeks, we let them go. Freed from her duties of motherhood, Sheila was now at liberty to pursue her interests of pre-puppy days. Of course, there was still Shorty, but he was Mr. Blue's responsibility.

Like one deranged, she raced through orchards and vineyards, acting more like a pup than her latest offspring. Watching her take off, Mr. Blue, I think, began to realize that a tag-along pup was a prodigious nuisance. When Mr. Blue, attempted to follow the setter, Shorty would stumble after him and then, more often than not, he'd get lost in the tall grain.

It didn't take the pup long to discover that all he had to do to bring the older dogs to his side, was to sit down and howl from the bottom of his lungs. At the first yip, they'd race back, sniff him all over to see what was wrong. Finding him intact, Sheila would give him a couple of swipes with her tongue to soothe his spirit and then, walking shoulder to shoulder, the older dogs would lead the little gremlin to the house.

Back on familiar ground, Shorty would then find a likely spot and go to sleep. This was the moment his parents were waiting for and walking, seemingly without direction, they would put the house between themselves and Shorty—then away they'd go, racing with the wind.

But if they thought they were getting rid of Shorty, they didn't know their offspring. He seemed to have a sixth sense that told him when he was alone, and he was not the one to take his solitude in silence. To hear him howl, one would think he was slowly being run through a meatgrinder.

With each passing day, Shorty became more obstreperous. That the older dogs were getting a little bored with too much play, was evidenced by their frequent growls when he got

"Mr. Blue" Regrets

by Ina Louez Morris



Shorty could do anything Mr. Blue could do.

too rough. Finally, as a means of self-protection, they were forced to administer an occasional nip to impress upon him the wisdom of taking it easy. But one thing they were unable to get across to Shorty, was that he must remain behind when they took their daily run.

In due time, Mr. Blue hit upon a plan that probably was the product of much celebration. When he and Sheila were ready for their outing, he would open the screen door and hold it ajar with his head until Shorty had passed through. Then, with the pup safely inside, he would quickly withdraw his head, the door would slam and the pup would be imprisoned on the back porch.

Naturally, Shorty resented the trick that had been played upon him, but I had only to show him a rolled paper, to silence his remonstrations.



I'm rather shy about this sort of thing, at first. Please overlook the modesty.



Well, here goes! To begin with, I put my back against the table and push very hard.

Can't you just feel it, yourself? Doesn't your own back just anticipate what I'm feeling? Boy, it sure is wonderful.

How to Scratch Your Back!

Photos by Zella Mack

THIS is how it's done, as posed and modeled by that potentate of the feline world, the one and only—Shah Pasha, in person.



Next, here I am in full swing. Holding steady, up and down I go. Do you follow me?



IT'S a pretty sure guess that postmen and meter-readers meet up with more dogs than do all other classes of people. These dogs are as varied in looks, manners and dispositions as people are, themselves. Some dogs are naturally friendly and do a lot of bouncing and tail-wagging. Some are indifferent and simply won't bother to pay attention to humans. Then, there are those dogs, fortunately very few in number, who have mean, ugly dispositions— and those with an aggravated sense of property ownership. These are the ones of whom postmen, meter-readers and all others must be wary.

To help mailmen, the Post Office Department recently issued a publication which stresses a "be friendly" attitude and lists definite rules as follows:

Ignore a dog until he shows he is friendly. Never make the first move.

Don't strike at a dog. He may fight back.

Show respect for a dog and he will show respect for you.

Dogs can be bluffed. Walk fast and straight past them.

Never turn your back and run.

Sleeping dogs should be awakened gently and quietly.

Whistle as you approach.

Try to overcome your feeling of fear. Dogs sense fear and when they do they take advantage of people.

Some people use very poor judgment in their approach to dogs. When Kenneth Bordner, a postman in Long Beach, California, was on vacation, a substitute carrier, who feared dogs, carried a water pistol and deliberately squirted every dog he met. When Bordner returned to his job he was greatly disturbed when he discovered that his hitherto friendly dogs avoided him. He had to win back their friendship by convincing them that he did not pack a water pistol.

There was only one little dog along the route who, in spite of his treatment, remained loyal and that was little Cindy. It is her custom to wait near the bus stop every morning and when Bordner steps off she runs her fastest to meet him as though they had not seen each other for ages. She follows him into every stop along the entire route. She knows every dog and cat in the territory but she does not loiter, for she is on an important mission. She can't seem to remember about his days off, nor Sundays, nor his vacation, so on these days she waits in vain, the neighbors have reported.

"I value Cindy's attachment as much, if not more, than I do the love and loyalty of the two dogs I own," says Bordner. "The person who does not have the companionship of a dog is missing one of the greatest pleasures of life." Then he added, "The dogs in my life, and there have been many, are and were all highly intelligent."

A rather unique survey was made in Los Angeles County pertaining to the minority class of dogs—those with mean dispositions. Officer Roy O. Gilbert of the County Health Board released some "mouth-opening" facts concerning the bites of dogs and their causes. The main causes, he stated, were playing with strange dogs, teasing and provoking them, and running from them.

In connection with this survey, it was stressed that adults take the trouble to teach children, for their own protection, the right attitude toward and the treatment of dogs. If grown-ups also will follow the rules stated above, they, too, will fare better.

Loyal, little Cindy and her mailman friend.

How to Win Friends Among Dogs

by N. S. Langdon



Let's take an



"Bringing home the bacon" is a common enough expression, but in the bird world the parent not only has to bring it home, but feed it morsel by morsel "direct to the consumer" in a pre-digested condition. Here we see the "bird of time"—must be dinnertime.

Photo by Haydn Mason

Another way to get your food is by way of this mechanical mother. Maybe this is a descendant of "Mary's Little Lamb" crossed with "Baa-Baa Blacksheep." In any case, he seems perfectly content—just like a child drinking soda through a straw.

Photo by T. C. Hammond



Duck and Dach are real playmates around the farm. They eat together; they sleep together and during the day, they romp all over the place, playing tag, hide-and-go-seek and even making up new games incomprehensible to their owners. Here they are apparently engaged in playing "Follow the Leader."

Photo by Dante O. Tranquille

another trip through Animaland

And here is still another way of getting your dinner. First, you change yourself into a tiger kitten. Then you go out looking for an agreeable woodchuck whom you can induce to hold some of his own food in his paws for you to nibble.

Photo by Francis Dickie



We can't quite decide whether this dog is laughing or whether he's yawning, preparatory to taking a nap. And we're not sure either whether his friend the cat is eavesdropping or jealous of that nice dry house.

Photo by Leroy Steinkamp



Nap-time in the wilds—but with one eye way open, just in case mother roams too far away on a browsing expedition to warn of danger.

Photo by Jerry J. Zavdil



What's in a Name?

By Hazel Stein

WHY don't you keep it?" I asked on the phone.

"We already have five," Bill answered.

And that's why we got a dog when we did. A multi-breed, black four-legged creature became part of our family because our friend Bill couldn't keep another female member in his animal household.

This dog came along from out of nowhere. Bill found her in the street eating garbage, and without an owner. He scouted the neighborhood where she was found, but failed to find a master for the pup. For taking this pooch off his hands Bill gave us a collar and leash as a bonus.

"What do you call her?" we asked Bill, hoping to follow up with the same name and make the dog's training a bit easier.

"Oh, everything. Sometimes 'Mutt', sometimes 'Poochie', but mostly 'Schnickelfritz'."

We soon found that a name was our first problem. This Little Black Dog became known as "LBD" when we spoke about her while her ears seemed cocked in our direction.

Before long she became acquainted with her new surroundings and headed for the couch to exercise her best jumping form. I shouted quickly, "Down, Schnickelfritz!", but got no response to that name.

The midnight candle burned at both ends as we scouted through the dictionary of names that evening. We covered every letter of the alphabet and tried every combination of syllables from Esmeralda to Winnie.

Finally we thought of testing the books on folklore and I remembered a successful Broadway play called HARVEY, which was about an imaginary oversize rabbit. Could we mix facts about dogs and rabbits?

It was a "natural" to think of LBD as a mischievous spirit which haunts Irish dogs and marshes. After all, she did come to us from unknown sources, and was thin enough to be a ghost-like wisp.

So "Pooka" it was. "Down. Pooka!" soon became a command she understood and her name was practically original.

The day of reckoning soon caught up with us. "Pookie", as she was sometimes affectionately called, became a challenge

to us as apartment dwellers. In another month our first baby was due and who would walk the dog then?

For the good of all we sought a new home for our frisky pet who needed someone to run the pep out of her system. After careful interviewing we found a family with a private house, a large fence-enclosed yard and four active boys who could race with Pook and put her on the leash only on rare occasions.

The new owners arrived at our apartment that fateful day, and Pooka was shown. Steak bones had been saved as rewards for Pooka if she did her tricks well. She danced, shook hands and sat up beautifully. Then she attacked the bones with zest.

"What's his name?" asked the youngest boy.

"It's a 'she'", shouted his older brother.

"All right, what's her name?" asked Larry again.

"Pooka", I replied proudly.

"Poo-Bah?" asked Larry as if he had marbles in his mouth.

"No, Pooka", I replied with my clearest enunciation.

The youngster turned to his dad and took full possession of his rights as an owner. "Let's call her Blackie."

All our searchings for a name tailored to fit "our" dog were vetoed in one moment. How could they allow such common taste?

We gave this family LBD, with the leash and collar as a bonus.

Several weeks later I met Larry's mother in the local grocery store and inquired about the black dog. I didn't dare call her by her old name, "Pooka."

She answered, "Pooka's doing fine."

"Pooka?" I said, hesitating as the sound of her old name rolled off my lips.

"Yes. We kept her old name. Makes training easier when you stick to the old name."

Just then Larry came around the corner, pulled by Pooka. She made a great commotion in the store, tugging little Larry half way down the aisle and nearly wrecking a carefully arranged pyramid of tomato juice cans. It was then that I realized that Pooka was really a young boy's playmate and a dog meant for freedom.

New Trick

By Hazel E. Howard

McGUFFEY, my dog, whose mother was a toy fox terrier, his father toy fox and Sealyham, was thirteen years old last May. Two years ago, when he was eleven, I was working in a town ten miles distant. Since I would not leave him shut up at home all day, I took him with me and had permission to let him sleep in my office part of the time. When the weather permitted, he liked to sleep in the car.

The office was closed during the noon hour and I often played with him, exercising him in the long hall of the building. It was there I taught him to march and today, he "falls in" and marches any time I give the command and anywhere we happen to be, but usually outdoors.

When I say, "March," I mark time and he lines up to my left about two feet behind me. Then I start forward, repeating, "Left, left, left, right, left," and he "marches" in position until I say, "Halt!" I think it is quite remarkable, considering his age. I did not reward him with tidbits for his trick. He seemed to enjoy it as much as I, and he still does.

Tables Turned

By Wallace M. Depew

A THIRTEEN-year-old boy and his cocker spaniel, Sailor, were walking along Plymouth St., Norwich, N. Y. It was a good day to be alive—and then, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the sunrise had become a sunset—a truck ran over Sailor.

According to police, the truck stopped, but the grief-stricken boy claimed the driver, after refusing to take the dog to a veterinarian, drove away.

And that's where the affair would have ended, except for the boy. He took the license number and went to the police headquarters. The driver was apprehended in another town and brought before City Judge J. William Repner, in Norwich. He pleaded guilty to a charge of leaving the scene of an accident without identifying himself.

The driver was given a suspended jail sentence when he complied immediately with a court order to pay the boy \$50. A fine gesture but it couldn't bring back Sailor to his master.

Curious Deer

By Jeanette Hunter

IN the living room of Mark's home an alarm clock stood on one of the wide sills of a window that faced a forest road. The clock had rung earlier to awaken Mark's father. As the hour approached in the afternoon at which the clock had rung before, it gave a little click as though it would ring again in a few minutes.

At that instant, Mark saw a doe with a little spotted fawn beside her emerge from the forest and walk along the road that led toward the house. She advanced a few steps, stopped, lifted her head and glanced all around. Not seeing or hearing anything to frighten her, she nibbled at the tender grass at the side of the road. The fawn strayed a short distance from its mother's side, sniffing at the stones and bushes that lined the road.

Mark silently watched the two beautiful creatures as they inspected the doorway. The doe had come quite close to the windows of the house when all of a sudden, B-r-r-r! The alarm bell on the clock began to ring as it had done earlier in the morning.

The doe turned quickly, stopped a moment, then fascinated by the strange sound, came closer to the window. Not being able to see what made the strange sound, she rose on her hind feet, braced her two front feet against the window sill and stared in wonder at the clock. Finally, the clock stopped ringing.

After satisfying her curiosity, the doe got down from the window sill and, with the fawn, walked slowly back into the forest.

600 Years Hence

TODAY I write 5-5-55, because it is May 5, 1955. Six hundred years from now, people again will be able to write 5-5-55. I will not be here, but there will be animal lovers, like me, who no matter how busy, will find time to enjoy the companionship of a dog, and there will be dogs, like Shep, not a pet, but a member of the family, whose love and devotion knows no bounds. Time will not change love in the hearts of men and in dogs.

—Wallace M. Depew

November 1955



Photo by Joseph E. Granich

Here is Duke and Nanny with their mistress, Mrs. Edward Hogan.

Big, Happy Family

By Ann Wilson Hall

DUKE and Nanny are not the usual type of bedfellows—and they don't even have to use the old saw about politics making strange ones, as their excuse. They obviously just plain like each other. Duke and Nanny are two of a number of animals owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Hogan who live on La Barque Creek Road, about six miles out of Eureka, Missouri.

Duke, a handsome black and white collie and his running-mate Nanny, a seven-year-old goat, who is also black with grey bristles on the sides of her not too handsome face, share the same bed in the Hogan garage and generally take on all four-legged trespassers. When the Hogans bought their thirteen and some-odd acres of land, complete with dilapidated log cabin to restore, Nanny came along with four other goats to help clear the brush. However, Nanny seemed somehow different—she wanted to be a pet, and when the four "clearers" were sold, Nanny remained to follow the family

around, eat all the food they'd give her, furnish free entertainment for visiting children and, last but not least, to make friends with Duke.

She seldom asks to come in the house, but on festive occasions, she butts her head on the back door to let the guests know she would like to join in. After several trips around the house, she is content to go outside and watch the chickens and ducks or any one of the three cats. She also, incidentally, furnishes milk for these same cats in the time-accepted manner.

Besides the barnyard variety of inhabitants and the cats, the Hogans have two other dogs. As in all large families, each helps the other. Money from the eggs laid by the chickens buys food for the dogs and cats, and Nanny comes in for her share, you can be sure.

All in all, the Hogans with their chickens, ducks, dogs, cats, and Nanny are one big, contented family.



Photo by Plouffe Studio

A Switcheroo

NOT a case of "man bites dog", but a switch in the usual story, nevertheless, is represented by the picture at the left. In this case, a man turned out to be a dog's best friend.

"Wolf," a pet of students at the Brookside School, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, was saved from drowning in the frigid waters of a school pond after he broke through thin ice. To make the rescue, Paul M. Argentini (right), son-in-law of the school's director, crawled out on a plank, endangering his own life. For this deed, Mr. Argentini was awarded our Society's medal by local SPCA agent, T. King Haswell (left), in a fitting observance of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Off the Record

WHILE making an investigation in Berkshire County, our local agent noticed two forlorn dogs with very little shelter at another address. It was a cold, rainy day, yet he found a mongrel police dog and a mongrel Pomeranian dog tied out to stakes. The mongrel police dog had very poor shelter in the form of a wooden barrel with no head or other covering at either end, and the mongrel Pomeranian was huddled against an old chicken yard.

Our agent had the dogs brought into the house, where only an elderly lady was at home, and he kicked what was left of the barrel to pieces, with a warn-

ing that if the dogs were again found in that condition, court action would be the only answer.

Other dogs belonging to the family included a mongrel collie, running loose, but with access to the porch; and two 12-week-old pups in a chicken coop and run, where they were fairly comfortable. All the dogs appeared to be in good condition and were evidently well fed.

One frosty January morning, our agent in Worcester County accompanied the local Chief of Police to an outlying farm. They parked their car at the roadside and waded in heavy snow for about a

Reports from Our Agents

half mile through the woods surrounding the farm. There they found, frozen to death, a 10-day-old calf and four hens. Also on the place were seven, very thin, mongrel dogs. Their owner had left these animals for four days in extremely cold weather without food, water, or any shelter whatsoever!

The owner was summoned to Court, where he was found guilty and forced to get rid of all his animals. The defendant also will not be allowed to keep a dog for two years, under Massachusetts law applicable to persons convicted of cruelty or neglect in regard to any animal.

Honorable Discharge

CHIEF" and "Kerry Lad", two faithful police horses, rate a farewell salute from Sgt. William B. Dooley, of the Boston Police Department. Both 25 years old, the horses were placed in our Society's hands for retirement to our Rest Farm in Methuen. Accepting responsibility for the horses' care on behalf of the Massachusetts SPCA is (left) Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer. The mounted policemen are Officers John Lynch (left) on Kerry Lad, and Paul Simonetti on Chief.

Sgt. Dooley (right) is shown reminding the officers that he is saluting and retiring the horses, only.



IS THERE A CHILD?

—on your Christmas gift list?
—who isn't thrilled to get something through the mail addressed especially to him (or her)?
—who wouldn't love you for giving him a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**?
See the inside back cover of this issue for quantity order discount and *order today!*

Keeping in Touch

DR. GERRY B. SCHNELLE, our Chief of Staff at Angell Memorial, has traveled around quite extensively. On one trip, he addressed the Student Chapter of the American Veterinary Medical Association at the University of Pennsylvania on a too familiar subject, "Hip Dysplasia".

Thirteen days later, he went to Concord, New Hampshire, to a Rotary Club meeting to speak on "Veterinary Medicine in the World's Largest Animal Hospital." And several weeks later, Dr. Schnelle was in Detroit, Michigan, to speak at the American Animal Hospital Association meeting. His topic there was "X-ray Diagnosis" and he included some new and original diagnoses.

We Need Your Old Blankets

OUR supply of old blankets and sheets, used for bedding in the Hospital cages, is nearly exhausted. We urgently need large quantities of discarded wool and cotton cloth, such as may be stored away in your trunks or closets and forgotten.

We use enormous amounts of bedding every week. Some of it can be laundered and re-used, but much bedding must be burned, especially after use in wards where highly contagious diseases, such as distemper, are treated. If we are to provide maximum care and comfort for our patients, we must have help in this matter from animal-lovers throughout the country. Our need for old cloth is immediate and *constant*.

Do YOU have discarded material of this kind that you can spare? We sincerely hope you will send all you can find to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Every package will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

November 1955

Hot Work Brings Out His Cool Courage

CAUGHT in the act" by a news photographer was Fireman James McKernan (right), as he brought someone's pet cat safely down a ladder during a three-alarm blaze in Boston's West End, a congested tenement area. Spreading rapidly, the flames drove 49 people, 21 of them children, from their homes, and resulted in one death, the hospitalization of seven persons, and damage estimated at \$35,000.

Fireman McKernan, of 27 Fort Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts, was checking the possibility of there being human victims still trapped in the burning buildings, when he spotted the cowering cat and rescued it.

Since our Society likes to make sure such acts of heroism and kindness do not go unnoticed, we asked the firefighter to come to our Headquarters that we might present him with an engraved Massachusetts SPCA Silver Kindness Medal. Shown (below) making the presentation is Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Society, while Chief Prosecuting Officer Herman N. Dean (center) looks on with approval.



Boston Record-American Photo by Bill Jones



CHILDREN'S



Beth's two friends were able to eat right from the pail.

A Thanksgiving Story

Beth Landon was four years old, a tiny cherub of a girl who lived on a farm in Connecticut. Her hair was the color of straw, the kind her father kept in the barn to make soft beds for the animals, and her eyes were big blue saucers.

Little Beth loved the farm. She liked all the animals—the cows, the horses, the pigs—even the slow mule with the sleepy-looking eyes who had such a kind face.

But best of all, Beth liked the turkeys. The Landon's had a large turkey population on their farm which they fattened up all year long for the big Thanksgiving season. When she was only two years old, she used to follow her father through the turkey yard to the troughs where he poured the grain for the turkey's dinner. After awhile when Beth was able to lift the heavy metal pail, her father would mix the grain for her and she would feed the turkeys all by herself. After all, the cows and horses were too big for such a tiny girl to care for. The turkeys were much more her size.

Little Beth was excited when her father told her she could feed the turkeys alone. She wasn't the least bit afraid of the wobbly brown creatures. The first time she entered the turkey yard with her father, she felt that all their eyes were on her. "Who is that little girl with Mr. Landon?" "Why she's our size! Maybe she's a human turkey—she has two legs like we have only hers are much fatter. But she has no feathers, only a few on her head. She must be something else." Beth was sure the turkeys were talking about her, but that was many months ago. Now they knew her.

Day after day Beth opened the gate to the large yard where the turkeys lived and sprinkled the grain into the troughs.

All the proud-looking birds with their shiny brown feathers would rush up to her when they heard the gate open. Beth was so small that when she didn't throw the grain into the troughs fast enough the turkeys were able to reach in and eat right from the pail.

As time went on, Beth grew especially fond of two turkeys. They were the friendliest turkeys in the yard. They would follow her around as she poured the grain, while the other turkeys would start nibbling in one spot and settle there for their meal. But not "Pilgrim" and "Plymouth." Beth named the turkeys from words she'd heard in a Thanksgiving story her mother had read to her.

Pilgrim and Plymouth would play little games with Beth, gently pushing her, playfully pecking at her shoes. After awhile Beth would let them out of the yard and take them with her on little walks.

It was the beginning of November when Mr. and Mrs. Landon started talking about Thanksgiving and what turkey they would save for themselves. "Those two large ones that Beth has kept so well fed would be ideal for us. We're having a lot of company this year. We could have one for Thanksgiving and the other one at Christmas."

Beth knew only too well that her parents were talking about Pilgrim and Plymouth. Her heart went thumping loudly to the bottom of her stomach. She jumped up from the table and ran to her room crying. Mr. and Mrs. Landon looked at each other in bewilderment for a moment and then ran out after her to find out what the trouble was.

"You can't eat Pilgrim and Plymouth! ! Even if they are the best turkeys in the yard. They're my friends and I love them. Please, please, let them stay!" sobbed Beth.

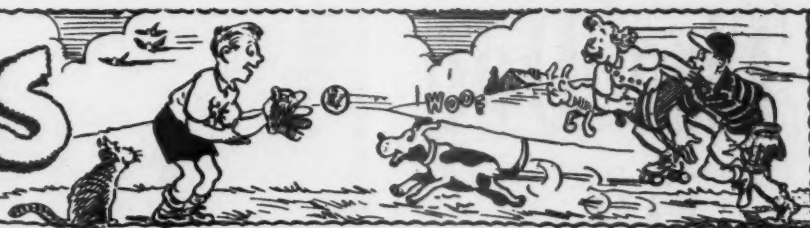
Mr. and Mrs. Landon said nothing. But as they left the room their eyes met for an instant.

All during November, Beth was unhappy. It was no longer any fun to feed the turkeys. It wasn't fun to do anything any more. And every time Pilgrim and Plymouth hobbled up to her she felt like crying all over again. "Mommy and Daddy don't know what good friends we are," she would whisper to them.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, a grey frosty day that promised snow, when Mr. Landon walked into the house with a large package. "What's that?" asked Beth as he laid it down on the kitchen table. "Our Thanksgiving turkey," replied her father. No sooner did he have the words out than Beth's heart started its downward journey to the bottom of her stomach and she could feel the tears coming. She didn't see the twinkle in her father's eyes as he guided her to the window. Lo and behold . . . there were Pilgrim and Plymouth out in the yard.

"Oh Daddy," said Beth, "this is really going to be a Thanksgiving day. Thank you for letting them stay." Before her father could say anything, Beth had put on her coat and dashed outside to see her two friends.

PAGES



"A Hare Raising Tale"

By Kerry Joyce Cottam

LAST year our neighbors presented us with two beautiful huge Belgian Hares which they had won. They could not keep them. Although we already had a cat and a dog, we accepted the new arrivals with great enthusiasm.

We had a wonderful time with these two pets and named them "Mrs. Peter Rabbit" and "Buggs." Buggs was the one who had floppy ears. We kept them in the cellar, but they loved to come upstairs. They would sit in front of the ice box to beg for tidbits, or join us in the living room to watch television. They were true thumpers and made such a racket that our cat and dog would keep a respectful distance.

After we had had them for about six months they had succeeded in eating their way out of several houses which we had built for them, and had eaten the rubber tires off our power lawn mower, some of the asbestos off our furnace, and, to our dismay, had chewed their way through several light cords, narrowly missing being electrocuted. Not until they joyfully munched the ruffles off mother's organdy curtains, however, did we all decide that Mrs. Peter Rabbit and Buggs would be better off (and so would we) if we placed them in the Rabbit Village in Roger Williams Park.

In this lovely park the rabbits have a cottage of their own, a church, post office, tea-room, store and firehouse, and they are very happy. I am sure, too, that they love to receive visitors.

Rover's Useful Tail

By Pringle Barrett

*The peacock's tail is big and broad,
The rabbit's short and snappy,
But Rover's tail is useful, for
It tells you when he's happy!*

What Dogs Can Do

By Florence Chunglo

Dogs are very good for company

For old people and children like me.

Many dogs love to be a guard

They watch their master's house and yard.

And they do rescue work quite a lot

I knew one that saved a tiny tot.

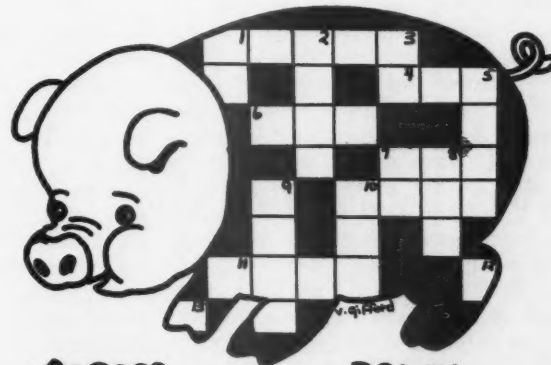
He saved her from a muddy river

The child was safe, with only a shiver.




Dogs are useful in many a way

Remember, "Dogs are man's best friends!" aren't they?




ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLE: Across—1. old, 3. cat, 6. Dan, 7. dog, 8. car, 10. mend, 11. ye, 13. do. Down—2. ladder, 4. tri, 5. candle, 9. a.m., 10. me, 12. L.



ACROSS

1. 
4. UNCOOKED.
6. FROZEN WATER.
7. CHUM.
10. 
11. 
12. FIVE - ROMAN NUM.
13. EIGHTH LETTER IN ALPHABET.

DOWN

1. NOTE IN SCALE.
2. 
3. EITHER.
5. 
7. FATHER.
8. TO BE SICK.
9. NEAT.
10. 

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

The Dog Who Pouts

By Constance V. Reed

WHY she pouts is a mystery to us. Certainly no dog ever had less reason to exhibit a temper. But Dawn, formally known as Lady Dawn of Casablanca, is indeed a haughty individual at times.

Most often she is affectionate, lovable and a joy to the family and visitors alike. But when she encounters a situation not to her liking, the performance begins.

If, for example, she is slumped comfortably on her bed by the kitchen stove while a meal is being prepared and she suddenly realizes that food not intended for her is sitting on that shelf or stove too high for her to see—then she will draw herself up slowly to a sitting position, hurt looks pouring from her eyes. If no tidbits are tossed her way, she leans against the stove, her back feet spread at a ridiculous angle and front feet set before her, absolutely pigeon-toed. And if still no choice morsels are within her reach, she curls her head around the front of the stove, and droops. (See picture.)

The first time she did this, we thought there must be a mouse or other animate object under the stove, for she seemed to be watching the floor just in front of it intently. But no, she sat in that position, not moving a hair, for more than five minutes, until spoken to. An on-looker from some humane society would surely conclude that the poor dog was an object of complete neglect, or, at least, until that person observed Dawn's waistline. We feed her so generously that sometimes we have to remember that ladies should be trim and slim, and omit extra treats for awhile.

If she is lying on her blanket in the living room, and wants more attention



When she pouts, Dawn spreads her back feet at a ridiculous angle, her front feet, pigeon-toed.

than is forthcoming, she is likely to stand up, walk dejectedly across the room to an empty corner and sit staring at the wall until she is recognized.

Dawn loved to roam the countryside and it was after her first excursion into the fields and woods that we had our first battle of wills with Lady Dawn. She needed a bath, but refused to discuss the matter with us. When we finally lifted her into a tub of warm, soapy water, all other methods of persuasion having failed, she sat immobile. No word or kind pat on the head would induce her to look anywhere except toward the wall. Her back was stiff as steel. Afterwards she stalked in stony silence to her bed, licked herself dry and maintained her aloof air. Only food moved her and by feeding her several pieces of meat, we won back her attention.

Dawn lived with us for months before we ever heard her bark. Even now she speaks infrequently and then only when startled or completely exasperated. The first time was during the night, when a field mouse gained access to the kitchen, where Dawn sleeps. She was so unnerved that even the next morning, the mouse safely caught, she ran upstairs to seek comfort from father as soon as we opened the kitchen door. As she ascended the stairs, she turned to yip defiance over her shoulder at every second or third step.

Never have we heard her growl, seen her snap at anything more than a piece of hamburger, or express an unkind thought toward anyone, except when she is thwarted in receiving what she considers her due attention. Then she pouts. Needless to say, if she had her way she would receive constant petting from everyone.

She cleans herself scrupulously, in the same way as a cat, even to washing her face with her front feet. Next to roaming the countryside, her favorite occupation is riding in the family car. She has accompanied father on all-day business trips and slept the whole day on the back seat.

When completely bored, she practices looking smug. Royalty could convey no greater scorn toward its surroundings than when Lady Dawn chooses to elevate herself above the common atmosphere. One quick whistle or word, however, and she rejoins us with loving, doggy wags of her body and a happy expression in her brown eyes.

We talk to Dawn in complete sentences. None of this baby talk so often directed at animals. And she acts as if she understands every word, complying with all our requests addressed to her in that way. How much she really understands, we will, of course, never know, but we firmly believe that not a word escapes her. But Lady Dawn remains wisely silent.

May we remind you? It's time to order your
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Any of the above leaflets and also the following help teachers to integrate units of work from the world of natural phenomena as a part of the total school program.

Care of the Cat—35mm. black and white filmstrip which comes complete with teacher's manual	\$2.00
Nature Recreation—book by Dr. W. G. Vinal	\$3.50
You and Your Dog—elementary grades	10 cts.
What Do You Know About Animals?	10 cts.
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Ways of Kindness	5 cts.
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Nature Study in the Camp Program	5 cts.
Animal Plays—	
The Kindness Train	6 cts. ea., 60 cts. dz., \$4.50 per 100
One Morning Long Ago	3 cts. ea., 30 cts. dz., \$2.00 per 100

Supplies for the formation of Junior Humane Societies

Be Kind to Animals blotters	2 cts.	\$1.25
Junior Humane Society pins—dog, cat and bird on red	4 cts.	\$3.60
White Star Band of Mercy pins—on blue ground with gilt letters and border	2 cts.	\$2.00
Be Kind to Animals pins—three styles		
Humane Society, Band of Mercy, S. P. C. A.		
dog, cat, horse, bird on white background	2 cts.	\$2.00
Junior Humane Society—Band of Mercy membership cards	1 ct.	\$1.00

The monthly magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," with pictures, stories, articles and two children's pages—15 cts. a copy, \$1.50 per year.

Samples of the above leaflets and magazine will be sent free upon request.

* In lots of 500 16-2/3% discount on 100 price

In lots of 1000 33-1/3% discount on 100 price

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DID you ever notice how thrilled a child is to receive something through the mail addressed to him?

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy? See the inside back cover for our special offer for *New* subscriptions.

Calendar of Animals

Another first in gift calendars

TEN FOR
\$1.00



OUR new calendar for 1956 is composed of twelve different full-color animal photographs. The cover, shown at the left, but in full color, is a beautiful and appealing greeting card, making the whole a combination gift and greeting which will remind its recipient of you every day and month of the year. Size $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$ —perfect for every use.

Calendar Prices

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10% discount on orders of 1,000 and over.

Calendar Imprints

We are sorry, but we can accept no further orders for imprinting of calendars as it is now too late to have this done in time for Christmas delivery. We would suggest, however, that calendars can still be ordered and the place left for imprint be filled in, either in pen and ink with the person's greeting and signature, or by a rubber stamp.

Animal Protection Societies

The following discounts allowed only to societies working in the interest of animal protection. Orders must be written on the society's letterhead and be for society use, not for the use of individuals associated with it. Discounts are not applicable to cumulative orders. Each order must be of amount in itself to warrant discount.

- 10% discount on orders from 100 to 1,000
- 15% discount on orders from 1,010 to 3,000
- 20% discount on orders from 3,010 to 5,000
- 25% discount on orders from 5,010 to 12,000
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